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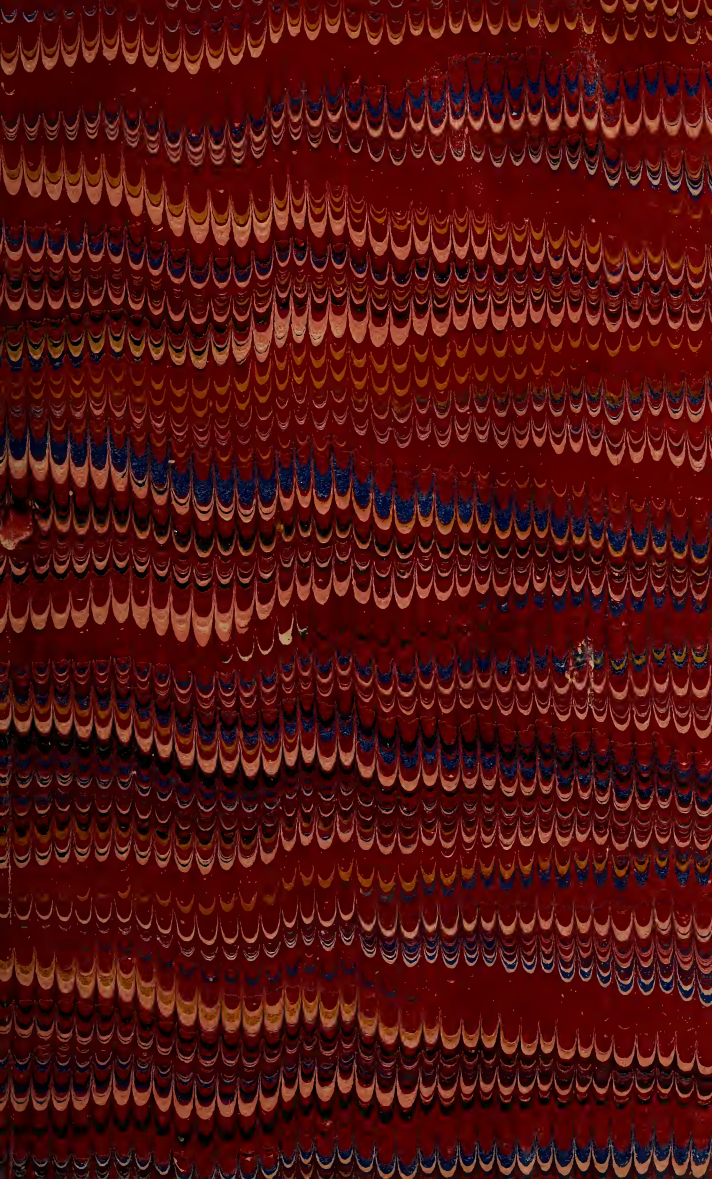
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THE

JEWISH PRISONER:

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

HERMANN S. OLLENDORFF,

A CHRISTIAN ISRAELITE.

BY

REV. ISAAC BIRD.

PUBLISHED BY

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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

HERMANN S. OLLENDORFF,

A CHRISTIAN ISRAELITE:

✓
BY REV. ISAAC BIRD.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION.

BY

REV. E. A. LAWRENCE, D.D.

PROF. OF ECCL. HIST. IN THE THEOL. INSTITUTE, EAST WINDSOR, CONN.



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

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INTRODUCTION.

THE subject of this interesting Memoir was introduced to my notice by a letter which he brought from his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, dated December 28, 1857. In this letter his pastor says of him, "He is kind, gentle, amiable, intelligent, and, I trust, a friend of the Saviour. I have watched him with great jealousy since he sought my counsel last summer, and if he fails me in the sincerity of his piety, I shall say that all the signs have failed in which I have been accustomed to place confidence. Can he not be prepared for usefulness in some way in the church, or among his countrymen, say, as a colporter? Will you sound the depths of his mind, measure and estimate his value, and see what use can be made of him? Enter into the case a little; it may be that the Lord intends to bring something out of his visit to your place."

The impressions from my first interview with Mr. Ollendorff were not quite as favorable as might have

been expected from such an introduction. This was partly, at least, from the caution with which I had been led to weigh the evidence of conversions from Judaism. I took of him a few Christian Almanacs, and invited him, when he had finished his mission through the street, to return to tea. He did so, and remained over night, and by invitation, nearly a week. Meanwhile, he gradually removed whatever was unfavorable in my first impressions, and awakened in us so much interest that arrangements were proposed for his entering the Academy and becoming a member of my family. These met the approval of his pastor, and were immediately entered on. From that time my house was his home, till two or three weeks before his death. Then, on account of other prolonged sickness in the family, he was removed, in the most comfortable manner, at the expense and by the solicitous attentions of his fellow-students, to the Rev. Mr. Bird's, in Hartford, from whose house he came to mine, and to whom the public are indebted for this instructive biographical sketch.

All that is said of Mr. O.'s intellectual capacity, and perhaps more, is strictly true. He began the study of the Greek language about the middle of the academical year; and in a few days, with a little private instruction, he was able to join the class that commenced at the be-

ginning of the year. Then, besides going on with the class, he read up in two months the back lessons which had occupied them four months. At the opening of the spring and summer term, in addition to his studies in the regular course, he began the Greek Testament, and read during the term, nearly all the Gospel of Matthew, and portions of the other gospels. His zeal in these readings amounted to enthusiasm; and his joy, as new truths broke upon him out of the original, was, at times, a kind of ecstasy. He seized with avidity every new proof of the messiahship of Jesus, and laid it up as in a store-house for future use in the conversion of his Jewish brethren. He would sometimes exclaim, in the fullness and force of his convictions, "Oh, how plain it is! They *will* see it — I shall show it to them, if God will permit."

The simplicity and energy of his Christian faith were equal to the ardor of his desire for Christian knowledge. These freed him, even in his prison, from the old sophisms of rabbinic and cabalistic lore, which had bound him so long, and made him an earnest student of the inspired word. His strong desire to study the New Testament in the original, was that he might come more directly and surely to the true meaning, and because he held that meaning, with no doubt or

questioning, as the revealed truth and will of God. He did not speculate on the obvious sense of Scripture, to know whether its doctrines were true, though his was a thoroughly inquiring mind; but he *took* them as true on the divine testimony, the highest evidence of which any moral proposition is susceptible, and he *found* them true, by his experience of their renewing and saving power. The change, of which his prison walls were the silent witnesses, and which removed him from Judaism, carried him fully over into all those distinctive doctrines which have made the difference in every age between a living and advancing, and a dead Christianity.

Mr. Ollendorff was led to these doctrines against the strongest opposing forces—his Jewish prejudices, his parental training, and his unregenerate heart. In his conflict with them, he struggled through long nights in his lonely cell. *Now* he throws from him, in disgust, the little New Testament that is beginning to assure him of their truth and his need. *Then* he takes it back and reads, and again and again he throws it away. At length Christ and the little Testament conquer, and he lays the victorious book in his bosom, and his intellect and heart on the altar of his new Master. So strong was his grateful sense of the divine favor, in arresting him in the incipient stages of vice and crime, and in

the rich blessing which came to him through his prison discipline, that he commemorated the anniversary of his release by a visit to the prison; and, so far as he was able, by religious conversation with the prisoners. This he intended to do annually, so long as his proximity to the prison should allow.

In the hope that it might be useful to this unfortunate class, he wrote out the narrative of his prison-life, and of his change, from which Mr. Bird has made extracts in the sketch. "Of this Narrative," he says in a letter, "I think its publication, under a fit shape, might benefit some of the Jews and also some of the prisoners. Should it ever be published, and any share fall to me, then I will use it, according as I vowed it when I engaged to write it, for the benefit of released prisoners."

Mr. O. possessed a degree of mental culture which, with his earnestness and close application, gave promise of more than common success. He perused with ease and interest some of the best German poets, and had some acquaintance with the historical writers in the German language. He read with delight Krummacher's Discourses, out of which he used to instruct his German friends in Broad Brook and Rockville; sometimes reading to them, and sometimes, for the greater power of

impression in delivery, committing whole sermons to memory.

With the exception of brief intervals in his sickness, occasioned by the nature of his disease, he proved himself, in his social disposition, all that his introductory letter represented him — “kind, gentle, amiable.” He was modest, but genial and generous, in all the relations into which he came in the family. By his little attentions and kind acts, he soon won the affections of the youngest member, in whose sports he would often join with a child’s sympathy and hilarity. Quick to see where a helping hand could be of use, and equally quick to render it, he was appreciative of others’ kindness, and grateful for the smallest expression of it. A letter to Mrs. L., just after his first visit to East Windsor Hill, and while making arrangements to return, is happily illustrative of this latter trait of his character. The following is a brief extract: “It is impossible for me to describe to you the feelings of mingled joy and regret which moved my heart, when I this morning left your house, — the house where I so unexpectedly met with kindred people, and where I could partake of the incense of Christian friendship, and where the mercy-gifts of God were again administered unto me. Surely the Lord has been, and is very gracious to me ; it is wonder-

ful in my eyes, but it is the Lord's doing, therefore will I come into his courts with the offering of thanksgiving, I will pay unto him my vows before all the congregation. But although I consider it perfectly justifiable to give all the glory and thanks to the great Source of every good and every perfect gift; yet must we not omit to bestow the tribute of thanks, and nourish gratitude towards those of our benefactors whom we *do* see; for in so doing we shall only exercise our insufficient gratitude towards our great and bountiful Benefactor, whom we *do not see*. It is therefore my inmost desire to express to you my gratitude for all the kindness I received from you and your family. But perceiving the deficiency of my *prose* expressions of gratitude in the English language, I will use the plea of a well-known D D., which I saw in Mrs. Hamlin's Memoir, that, 'were the weather not so uncommonly bad, I would write in poetry.'"

In the midst of a community somewhat suspicious of Jewish converts, and under circumstances suited to make them slow in giving him their confidence, his amiable deportment and consistent Christian life gained for him, not only confidence, but in his sickness the kindest interest and sympathy. And it is due to the courtesy shown by the medical profession to the clergy, to state

that, though only a student in theology, the physician who was in regular attendance upon him for nearly four months, declined all remuneration, both for his services and for his medicines. The consulting physician, who visited him several times from Hartford, treated him with the same kind consideration.

But this little book is worthy of perusal, not simply on personal grounds, or from its relation to prison life and prisoners. It has strong claims also from its relation to God's ancient covenant people, and the promise and prospects of their restoration.

The subject of this memoir was of the seed of Abraham, "to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants—whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh, Christ came." For eighteen centuries they have been scattered and peeled, visibly enduring the retributions of heaven, in fulfillment of prophecy, for their crucifixion and continued rejection of the Lord's anointed. But "hath God cast away his people?" "Have they stumbled that they should fall? God forbid." For though "some of the branches be broken off," yet "they also, if they abide not still in unbelief, shall be grafted in," for "God is able to graft them in again." "And if the casting away of them be

the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead ? ”

The time of this reconciling of the world and receiving of the Jews, seems to draw near. The civil disabilities under which they have been so long suffering, are being removed. In Protestant countries there is among them a decided advance in general intelligence, and a disposition to throw off the oppression of dead forms and rabbinic rule. The methods of controversy with them, and of securing their conversion, are more apostolic, namely, by a comparison of the New Testament with the Old, as in the Epistle to the Hebrews—more by rational argument, and less by force. The opening for the gospel of the entire Gentile world, the great increase of interest on the part of the churches in Jewish missions, and the number and character of the converts from Judaism, which mark the present century, are unmistakable signs of that reconciling of the world and receiving of the Jews which the apostle foretold as “life from the dead.”

Many of the men now occupying the highest places of literary, scientific, and theological influence in the universities of England and Germany are proselytes from Judaism, the faithful followers of the Lord Jesus. It is stated, on the authority of Professor Tholuck of

Halle, that more proselytes have been made during the last forty years than since the first ages of the church. And a recent historian of the Jews adds to this, that "a much greater proportion of conversions has, within the last thirty years, taken place among Jews than among heathen." Truly the past is a page in Jewish history dark with judgments, and uttering God's own words, "I have given the dearly-beloved of my soul into the hand of my enemies." But the present seems to articulate those other words of love and hope — "Since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still. I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord."

E. A. LAWRENCE.

East Windsor Hill, Oct. 31, 1859.

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Hope for the Jews — Parentage of Ollendorff — His Nativity — Early Education — Emigration to America — Coming to Hartford — Arrest — Condemnation and Imprisonment — Prayers in Prison.

THE providence of God in relation to the Jews has long been a subject of wonder to all intelligent and thoughtful men. From the calling of their first father down to their present scattered state among the nations, their history has been such as to stop the mouth of the infidel, and to command the admiration and strengthen the faith of the Christian believer.

What has already happened to this “peculiar people” has been the subject of foregoing prophecy; and if the *unfulfilled* prophecies of scripture are as credible as those which have *received* their accomplishment, the Jews have yet to act an important part in the world’s future history. They are yet to be engrafted again into the stock from which they were broken off, and to be received once more into the divine favor, and this

“receiving of them” is to be, to other nations, as “life from the dead.”

We are not permitted to know, beforehand, *all* that is meant by this predicted receiving of the Jews, nor all that is meant by the “life from the dead” which is to accompany it. But we may believe that this much, at least, is intended, namely, that the “nation scattered and peeled,” will believe in Jesus Christ as their promised Messiah, and be gathered into his church, and that their testimony, attended by the power of the Spirit, will have a remarkable influence in convincing and regenerating the rest of the world.

Many who profess to be attentive observers of the signs of the times, believe that the period is near when this receiving of the remnant of Judah will occur. Scores and hundreds of that nation have turned to the Lord within the last half century, some of whom occupy high stations in society. Some hold civil offices under government, some are learned professors; and not a few, earnest ministers of the gospel.*

Every fresh case of the real conversion of a child of Israel, furnishes new reason to believe in

* The number of Jewish Christians now living, is estimated at 25,000, of whom 600 are preachers of Christ crucified.

the near approach of the happy time in question, and as such, is worthy of a place on the Christian record, among the important events of the day. Such a case was that of the late Hermann S. Ollendorff, some account of whose life and conversion it is the object of these pages to relate.

He was born in the year 1833, in Rawiez, a small city of South Posen, in Prussia. His parents, during his childhood, were in affluent circumstances, and well able to afford him the means of a good education. As soon, therefore, as his age would permit, he was sent to a Jewish school, to learn Hebrew spelling and Hebrew words. Of course this learning of an unspoken language was, for a child of his age, a difficult and irksome task; and for his progress in it, he professed to be "more indebted to the cane of the Rabbi, than to any thing else."

He remained at school till his fifteenth year, and learned to translate the Hebrew Scriptures into German, and to read the Talmud, and other Jewish commentaries.* But it was a mere repe-

* He might have made greater proficiency in his studies had it not been for an accident which deprived him, in part, of the use of his eyes. In very early childhood an elder brother of his, wishing to show him an interesting sight, ran to the nursery, seized him in his arms, and in hurrying through the washing room, stumbled over a vessel filled with scalding water. The child fell in, and was taken

tition of words, producing no practical effect upon his mind. Nor did his teacher appear to aim at any thing further than this. To impress divine truth on the heart and conscience of his pupils, and lead them to a pious trust in God, was a duty which he seemed to think did not belong to him. The child was habituated, almost from infancy, to repeat Hebrew prayers, and, in connection with them, certain select passages of Scripture, the meaning of which, for many long years, he never understood.

When he was at the age of eight, his father, who had perhaps lived in a style beyond his means, found himself obliged to quit his country for a time, leaving his family of six children on the hands of their mother. This careful lady, by disposing of her costly ornaments, and by extraordinary economy, with a trifling assistance from one of her brothers, so managed as to keep the family together, and in such a state of comfort that their nearest relatives knew not that they ever suffered any real want.

It was, doubtless, during this season of mater-

out blind, and nearly dead. He never fully recovered from the effects of this accident. One of his eyes, in particular, notwithstanding that great pains and expense, under the best medical advice, were bestowed upon it, carried a mark of the injury to his dying day.

nal care, a period which lasted eight years, that this affectionate mother impressed her image so indelibly on the heart of her son Hermann — an image which, even after her death, he cherished with a devotion so nearly idolatrous as almost to unfit him to act as an independent agent, or as a being accountable to any other than maternal authority. Creditable as this was to his filial piety, it nevertheless operated in after time, as we shall see, nearly to accomplish his ruin.

In his fourteenth year he was promoted to a class in the Gymnasium, by way of preparation for his entering the University. But after a short time, though he endeavored to obtain a partial support by teaching a few children, he found it impossible to meet his necessary expenses, and thus his aspirations for a liberal education received a final check.

Shortly after attaining his sixteenth year he left home, and was engaged as an agent in a kind of business that required him to travel much among strangers. In these excursions, as also in the place of his residence, he was drawn into bad company, and though not addicted to low and degrading vice, he contracted a love for strong drink, after the manner of the people around him, and was fond of gambling, and of scenes of dissi-

pating carousal. This course of life lost him the confidence of his employers, and in the year 1853 or 1854, he came to this country. Here, a stranger and destitute, he was variously employed, sometimes in working on railroads, and sometimes in other forms of manual labor, till near the close of 1855. At this time he made his way to the city of Hartford, in company with one or more of his countrymen, through whose influence, in part at least, he attempted to pass a couple of counterfeit bank notes. In conversation respecting this act he would never claim that he was entirely innocent; but it would seem that, though he might have had reasons for *suspecting* the character of the paper he was putting off, yet he was not, in fact, fully aware that it was spurious. He was apprehended and lodged in the city jail for two months, awaiting the time for his trial at the next session of the court.

The trial came on near the close of December. Several witnesses, some from Hartford, and some from New York, were examined. The passing of the spurious bills was sufficiently proved; but whether *with the intent to defraud*, was not so evident. It was in his favor that he did not wear the countenance of a rogue, that at the time of his apprehension no other bad money was found

in his possession, and that his former employers from New York could bear testimony to his previous accuracy and uprightness in all his pecuniary transactions with them. The lawyers made their pleas; the judge explained the law, and gave his charge, and the jury took the case into their consideration. It was some time before they could all agree, but finally they decided adversely to the prisoner. While the jury were absent consulting on the case, it was very natural that the prisoner, after all the excitement of the trial, after hearing the witnesses pro and con, the conflicting pleas of the lawyers, and the charge of the judge, should experience a painful anxiety in regard to the message which those twelve men were about to bring in. The following are the words he has left, describing his sensations and thoughts on that occasion, and those that followed in his prison :

“A horrible time a prisoner has to pass in a court room, awaiting the return of the jury that is to decide on his liberty. Every hour seems a year, and every minute a day of pain and anguish. A multitude of conflicting thoughts crowd upon the mind of such an unfortunate man. ‘Can they find me guilty? Or shall I after long weeks of imprisonment waiting for my trial, gain back my

liberty, enjoy again the company of dear friends, and gaze on the beauties of nature, whose charms I have, alas, too little admired? If the latter, oh, how differently will I live! How will I shun bad company, and every temptation to evil. But if they find me guilty — if all those hopes with which I have flattered myself prove vain, and are to be extinguished within the walls of a prison, what then? Oh, how can I endure it! But they can not pronounce me guilty. The testimony against me has been greatly weakened by the witnesses on my side.’ So a new train of hopeful thoughts make their appearance in the mind of the prisoner.”

“Under reflections like these — reflections suddenly to be changed from joyful hope to anguish, from pleasing expectation to despair — I forgot every thing around me, and lived in the imagination of the future, till I was suddenly awakened out of my fantasies by the entrance of the jury; and then all the horrors of my present and my future prison, presented themselves before me. I had but little of a living spirit left. The course of my blood stopped, and only by taking hold on the table, was I able to obey the order of the clerk, ‘Prisoner, stand up.’

“ ‘Gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner guilty

of having passed two counterfeit bills in this city, or not guilty?’

“It had the appearance as if all in the room sympathized with me, for not a sound was heard. I myself stopped, for a moment, my breath, and awaited, in torturing anxiety, the announcement of the foreman. ‘*Guilty, sir!*’

“ ‘Constable, take the prisoner back.’

“Meanwhile, some of the Germans present came forward to console me, and I, actuated by a false pride, pretended to be reconciled to my fate, and fully at peace.

“I was carried back to my cell in the jail, where I had been for two months a constant inmate. There, alone, with the same unaltered, cold, and silent walls around me, nature demanded her right; my tears flowed freely. I tried to pray; that is, to repeat some of the Jewish prayer-forms; but having for so many years neglected that sweet duty, I was not able to repeat any satisfactory prayer aright. ‘*Condemned, degraded criminal,*’ echoed again and again in my ears. I began to measure my cell with hasty step. I thought on the horrible prospect of my future; I thought also on my past. I thought of my departed mother — and when I called to mind her good advice, the blessing she supplicated upon my

head, the high expectations she had entertained of me, and how far I had come short of these expectations, and the gratitude I owed her — my tears started anew, and, overwhelmed with grief and despair, I sought a refuge on my bed. Oh, what would I not have given for sleep! But that sweet comforter of the poor and wretched, was banished from my eyelids, and ever and anon my thought would fasten on my mother. What would she say to see me, her boy, whom she had trained up with so much care, a *condemned criminal*! Once in my feverish imagination in the night, I fancied I saw her, and oh, how were her eyes filled with tears, and her heart broken! I heard, as it were, her voice lamenting over me, ‘Why have you done this unto me? Why have you so entirely forsaken God, and my instructions? But, oh! turn to God now, before it may be too late.’

“I attempted again to pray, but it was a mere mockery. I prayed that God would punish all those who had pronounced me guilty; that he would destroy the person through whose machinations I was brought there. I prayed also that the judge (who had not yet pronounced my sentence) might give me the slightest punishment; for my lawyer had told me that I might

expect from four to ten years in prison. But these prayers were not those of a penitent ; and when God was so merciful to me as to turn the heart of the judge to condemn me to but four years, it surely was from no prayer of mine, but merely for his own loving-kindness' sake. I prayed because it was my only remaining resource ; because I was pressed to it by my frightened imagination. I felt that I was mocking God, and therefore soon desisted.

“How dreadful for a miserable outcast, overwhelmed with anxiety and shame, to be unable to offer a prayer — to be conscious that he has no part in God. I laid myself again upon my bed, and let my life pass before me. I was like a miser on his dying bed, taking a last view of his gold — the gold that he must soon leave to his heirs, who are waiting with gladness for his expiring breath. He thinks of God, before whom he must shortly stand, whose talents he has wasted, and whose poor he has oppressed. In vain he seeks refuge behind his gold-bags ; in vain he calls upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon him and hide him. Such was the review of my past life to me. God gave me talents — he gave me an excellent mother — he gave me success in life. But to what purpose

have I used all these? I saw that my time — my precious time, my talents, my bodily strength, had been wasted on pleasure and vanity. Banquets, balls, the gaming table, and the wine-cup arrayed themselves against me, and rejoiced, like the heirs of the miser, that they had so easily obtained my substance. I saw death approach, and myself brought before the great Judge to give account of my life; and again heavy drops of cold sweat rolled over my body.”

Such were some of the feelings and reflections of our unhappy convict, on that painful night after hearing the verdict of the jury. He slept but an hour, and when the day dawned he opened his eyes upon it as the murderer upon the day of his execution. And yet, before the day was finished, he found himself beginning to trifle, as he says, with his situation, and to be ashamed of his previous anxiety, as if it were a childish weakness.

One of his chief troubles was, the fear that the news of his disgrace would be reported to his relatives in Germany. To prevent this he engaged a friend to burn all his papers, and to write to his family that he had gone to sea, to parts unknown, and that the time of his return was altogether uncertain. For this piece of ser-

vice he was to reward his friend by making him heir of all he possessed.

On the second day after his conviction, he was taken to the court-room to hear his sentence, which was to a four years' confinement in the State prison. Having never seen the inside of such a prison, he had conceived an idea of it that was sufficiently frightful. He thought it a place where men were put to be tortured with stripes and starvation. The reality, however, though bad enough, surely, at his first entrance, he found to be somewhat more tolerable than he expected. He saw the prisoners treated still as human beings, and not as brutes, and he in time became even disposed to think that there were some young persons of his acquaintance, for whom that place would be a better home than the wide world in which they were pursuing their tempting pleasures.

CHAPTER II.

Removal to Wethersfield — Treatment by the Officers — Gloomy Reflections — Thoughts of his Mother — Hebrew Prayers.

It was on Saturday, December 29th, that Ollendorff received his sentence, and on Monday, the last day of the year 1855, he was called out of his cell, and, with irons on his hands, and his arms pinioned with a cord, he was taken into a sleigh, and removed to his new home in Wethersfield. He wept as he passed along, and scarcely dared to look up, lest his eyes should meet those of some acquaintance. Except answering, in a monosyllable, to the question of the driver, whether he were a foreigner, he was left to pass his whole way in silence.

On reaching the prison, he was delivered over into the hands of the deputy warden, who took him to the inner part of the prison, where his bonds were loosed, and his clothes exchanged for the peculiar dress of the convicts. The warden

then commenced laying before him the rules of the establishment, by which he must regulate his conduct. Of all these, unfortunately, he understood nothing, except that, on some occasions, he must take off his *cap*, and on others he might expect an application of the *cat*. The instrument of punishment was exhibited before him, but in what contingencies it was specially applicable he could not comprehend. When he told the warden that he did not understand him, he laughed in derision, saying, "Oh! you understand very well." The conduct of this warden seems to have been inexcusably harsh, and wantonly added pain to a heart already wrung with anguish.

After listening to a long unintelligible talk, the prisoner was shown to his lodging place. There, for half an hour, he had leisure to contemplate himself, and his new dress and accommodations. Sitting once more in solitude, in a cell four feet wide, in a garb designedly uncouth, he felt himself an outcast, bereft of all human sympathy, without God and without hope in the world. Afraid and ashamed, he hid his face in his hands, and was just about heaping a load of imprecations on his fellow-men, and upon himself, when he was roused from his posture by a call from the unwelcome warden, who now demanded his

name, religion, birth-place, and age; measured his height, and had him smoothly shaved, and his hair cut short. He then took him once more to the inner prison, where he had already treated him so rudely, and again went through with the whole previous ceremony of instruction, after which he conducted him to the workshop, and gave him in charge to the superintendent.

This officer exhibited quite a different spirit from the other, and gave him some relief from his crushing apprehension that he was doomed to serve out his four years under a body of cruel, domineering masters.

Having finished his first day's work, he resumed his solitary meditations in his cell. Indeed, his whole tenor of life was to be one of solitary meditation; for, whether in his cell or with his fellow-workmen, he must speak to no one, but confine his whole attention to his own separate affairs. His meditations, for a time, were unremittingly sad. His new labor, which drew blood from his unused hands, his new discipline, under rules which he had not understood, his slavish subjection to authority that might easily be abused, — all were calculated to embitter his reflections. He debated with himself whether it were not better to put an end to his life than to drag out a misera-

ble existence for *four years* in such a condition. But, to use his own expression, he was either too wise, or too much of a coward to seek, too soon, a world of which he knew so little. He betook himself to his Hebrew prayer-book, and read it with new interest, though with the impression that God could not be expected to listen to a sinner like himself. He longed for a state of complete stupidity, and strove to make up his mind to receive with indifference whatever might fall to his lot. At times he was contriving some way of making his escape from the prison, but this he soon gave up as hopeless. The walls were too thick, and the watchmen too vigilant.

Again he would recur to his prayer-book, where, together with the prayers, he found certain Psalms intermingled, which seemed appropriate to his case. These last he read with a feeling almost devotional. His favorite Psalm was the 27th, in which David prays, first, to be indulged with a hearing, and afterwards to be delivered from the power of his enemies, from "false witnesses" and "such as breathe out cruelty," and closes with the exhortation, "Wait on the Lord. Be of good courage and he shall strengthen thine heart."

But whatever he read or did, the thought

would be constantly recurring to his mind, "*four years, four years* these walls must compose my residence." "Oh, how horrible," he exclaimed, "was this thought to me! Why can not I die? Where is the righteous God? Why does he not help me?"

His lawyer had given him his word that he would endeavor to obtain his release by the legislature, and his friends in New York had promised him assistance. But whether his lawyer would remember his word, or would succeed in his attempt, was altogether doubtful; and as for his New York friends, he never heard a syllable from them, although he had done them favors for which they had professed to be grateful. As he heard no more of release or help from any quarter, his stay of four years became, in his view, almost certain; and, impressed with his own helplessness, and to some extent with his sinfulness, he thought of the judgment to which he was hastening. He thought of his mother, and the words would escape from him, "*O God, help me.*" This was the most he dared to say. He was abashed when he attempted to come before that God whom he had, while in liberty, so much dishonored. He felt like the dying worldly man, who should profess to be

penitent for sins which he could no longer continue to commit, and to be ready to devote his life to God when he had but a day to live.

It is worthy of remark that, in making his selection from the prayer-book, he carefully avoided those prayers which speak of the coming of the Messiah, and the re-building of Jerusalem. He had no desire for the arrival of that time, nor did he believe that five men in a hundred of his nation desired it. The Rabbis had taught him that when the Messiah comes, all Jews that are alive at the time will be taken up in the air, and set down at Jerusalem, and that those who are dead will be taken under ground to that city, and there be raised up; and how very few, thought he, among the Jews would be willing to leave their business and their property, and be taken through the air to Jerusalem!

CHAPTER III.

Visit of the Chaplain—Receives a New Testament—Reads cautiously—Studies English—Begins to understand Conversation and Sermons—Is distressed for his Sins—Prays to God in Christ's name—Finds Peace.

THE chaplain of the prison was accustomed, once or twice in the week, to visit the cells, for the purpose of conversing with the inmates, and supplying them with suitable books. On finding that this new member of his flock was a German, and a Jew, and not having a whole German Bible to present him, he handed him a German New Testament. When he saw what it was, he returned it to the chaplain, saying that he was a Jew, and giving him to understand, as well as he was able, that he could not and would not read that book. But on being kindly urged and reasoned with, he finally accepted it. He did not, however, think of reading the book; and as soon as the chaplain was gone, he threw it aside, being vexed that the man should, with all his

kindness of manner, as he thought, act the part of a Jesuit, in attempting to make him a proselyte to the Christian religion. He abominated every thing in the likeness of *priestcraft*.

Four long weeks had passed over him since entering his gloomy abode; no cheering news had come to him from without; his forsaken and forlorn situation pressed heavily upon his spirits; the little book, which the chaplain had given him, lay there untouched. He thought of looking into it, as the novelty of it might relieve somewhat the tedium of his idleness, and draw off his mind from painful reflections. Yet he dreaded to touch it, because he would not have done such a thing in the presence of his mother, whose spirit, though absent from the body, he imagined to be always hovering around him, and to be distressed at every instance of his misconduct. He, however, succeeded in overcoming his scruples, persuading himself that there could be no harm in amusing himself with the follies of the Christian faith, and that even his mother could not object to his thus diverting his mind from his troubles.

He took the book, and was struck with surprise by seeing, on the very first page, that the genealogy of Jesus Christ was traced through the

patriarchs and kings of the Old Testament. He had thought that the Christians rejected the Jewish Scriptures altogether. But he went on reading, and found that Jesus was said to be conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, and born of a virgin! This doctrine was, in his view, so absurd that he now assured himself there was no farther danger of his being made a convert to Christianity. He read on to the Sermon on the Mount, and here again his mind was favorably impressed. The wisdom, benevolence, and piety breathed forth in those words of Jesus, commanded his admiration. In looking into other parts of the book, he was particularly attracted by the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the Epistles of Peter and James. The Epistle to the Romans, and the Revelation, were to him foolishness. We might have supposed that the Epistle to the *Hebrews* would have commended itself to his special notice; but he was not yet prepared to admit the divinity of Christ, which is there asserted, nor, although a Jew, was he much acquainted with the particulars of the temple worship, to which that epistle constantly refers. No wonder, then, that he did not specially admire it. As he read on, he saw things about which he would have been glad to draw the chaplain into a dispute. The latter,

however, for prudential reasons, and for want of sufficient knowledge of the language, contented himself for the present with furnishing him well selected German tracts. But one day, with the intention of provoking the good minister to a talk, he said to him, "I can not believe the doctrine that God should have a Son." The chaplain cautiously replied, "Believe in God, then, and that will suffice you," meaning, doubtless, "Believe truly in your own Jewish Bible, and it will lead you right." This reply of the chaplain, so different from what he expected, and even from what he had wished, made a deeper impression on him than a long course of reasoning would have done. It stripped him at once of his sectarian prejudices. It was a new thought with him that a pious Christian and a pious Jew might enjoy free religious communion together. He no longer harbored the suspicion against the chaplain that he was a Jesuit, or a mere proselyter, deceiving him with cunning priestcraft; and though his answer seemed to leave him at liberty to remain a Jew, if he pleased, yet he felt his convictions shaken. "I began," he says, "to view Christianity in a purer light, thinking that there must be a reality in that religion. Yet the thought of the possibility of my becoming a

Christian, filled me with horror. And many times I jumped up, throwing the little Bible with violence on the shelf, and vowing not to touch it any more. But, as if drawn by a superior power, I reached always after the little book again, as soon as I entered my cell, and read it with an eagerness that made me, at times, forget to eat my meals. I pondered the things I read, day and night, working and walking, dreaming and awake. I thought of nothing else save religion. But still, the thought of leaving the faith of my fathers, and of all the sad consequences that would follow from it,—the exclusion from the affections of dearest friends,—was dreadful, and made me, at times, so sorrowful and sad, that I felt more these internal trials than the sufferings of the prison.”

The chaplain was moved, (as Ollendorff thought, by a higher power) to bestow upon him special attention. “His reverend appearance, his kind smiles, and affectionate conversation, always pleasant and obliging,” affected his heart, and he felt a love awakened in his breast for him, like that of a child to a father. By his advice, being furnished with suitable books, he commenced, in earnest, the study of the English language. This naturally led him to pay stricter attention to the sermons and prayers of the good minister, of

which, previously, he had been able to comprehend but a small part. In a short time he found he could understand, in conversation, nearly all the chaplain said to him.

But while his progress in English was going on rapidly, his knowledge of his heart, and of the doctrines of the gospel, was apparently stationary, if not retrograde. Some of those doctrines remained obscure, and repulsive to his mind. He continued to admire the purity and piety of the Christian *precepts*, but some of the *doctrines*, as the Atonement, the Trinity, and some others, were stumbling blocks which he could not get over. Why could not God forgive sin without a sacrifice? How could God dwell in human flesh? &c., were questions about which his mind was in a puzzle. He began also to persuade himself that, as a prison was no place in which to practice religion, and he had four years to stay, he need not at present trouble his mind about it. So he sought entertainment from his other studies, to the neglect of his "little Bible," and for two months succeeded but too well in forgetting religion, and his own unhappy situation as a sinner. "But God," he says, "did not want to leave me in that state. He wanted to accomplish what he had so mercifully begun in me. He wanted

to make my trials, my stay in prison, the most profitable season of my life."

Near the close of June, the chaplain addressed his Sabbath congregation from the words of Elisha to the Shunammite mother: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child?" The preacher may, perhaps, on this occasion, have made an unusual effort to use the plainest language; but whether from that cause, or by a special divine influence, the German hearer, to his great surprise, understood the discourse throughout. In conclusion, the preacher pressed the subject strongly on the attention of his audience. He asked, "What would the mother of any one of you be able to answer if the great Judge should put to her the question, "Is it well with thy child?" And how must that mother feel, on looking upon her child, and seeing it is not well with him, to hear the sentence pronounced upon him, "Depart, thou cursed, into everlasting fire." As the preacher said these words, that faithful Jewish mother came up in remembrance before the mind of her 'child,' and his tears flowed copiously. The deep feelings of his heart were again moved, and when he came to his cell, he seized his New Testament, and commenced studying it with increased eagerness.

During the same week there was a death in the prison, and at the funeral, that solemn hymn was sung, and affected him deeply, which has the words:—

“There is an hour when I must die—
Nor do I know how soon ’t will come.”

He ate his supper in tears. And as he looked out from his window, and saw the coffin borne along without a single mourner to heave a sigh over it, he thought how sad a thing it was to die in prison, — to die unwept, and to sleep in a grave which no one would ever come to visit. But still more dreadful to him was the thought, that there was to be something *after* death. He could not answer with a truthful *yes* to the chaplain’s questions, “Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child? Are you ready to die, and appear before the judgment seat of God?” He then attempted to pray through his tears, but could not. He resorted to his Jewish prayer-book, but that did not meet his wants, and he turned to his “little Bible” with stronger attachment than ever, for it seemed now to contain, indeed, good tidings of great joy, although he could not, as yet, appropriate those tidings to his own case.

While his mind was in this state of tenderness, the minister preached another affecting discourse, from the words, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." This friend, the preacher said, was Christ. There had never been a greater friend to the human race than Jesus Christ, who left the glory of heaven, and came down to honor God's law, and to take on himself the sins of man. He suffered shame and death that men might live.

From this discourse Ollendorff seems to have obtained his first clear apprehensions of the nature and value of the atonement; and when he returned to his cell, he was enabled to offer up thanks to God for the interposition of Christ, as an atoning sacrifice. Still, of the whole character of that "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," he had, as yet, an imperfect understanding. He saw the need of a mediator, and rejoiced in his Messiah as such, but neither the nature of the office nor the scripture testimony had yet convinced him that the mediator must be *truly divine*. In conversation with some friends who called to see him, he rather obstinately opposed the doctrine of Christ's real divinity, and when his friends were gone, he related the circumstance to his respected spiritual

adviser. He did this apparently with the expectation of having his theory confirmed; but the chaplain briefly replied, that Jesus "thought it not robbery to be equal with God." It was another word in season. He meditated on it profoundly and profitably.

Again, another discourse, from the words, "Thou God seest me," came home to his heart with alarming power. In his retirement he took a review of all his past life, that he might have an idea of what God, who had seen all that he had done, must needs think of him. In this review he could not discover *one righteous act* — not an act on which he could hang a hope. He was therefore convinced that the curse of the law and the wrath of God were upon him. His convictions were further deepened by the perusal of one of the "Sixteen Short Sermons," on the words, "There is none that doeth good."

It now began to be sweet to him to contemplate the offer of pardon through the sacrifice of Christ. The 53d chapter of Isaiah was examined, where it is said, "He was wounded for our transgressions — he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth — he made his grave with the rich," &c. This account of the death of the Messiah was compared with the account of the death of Christ in the New Testament, and the latter

seemed but a new edition of the former. The chaplain's words were now verified, "Believe truly in your own scriptures, and it will suffice you." The "little Bible" became now so precious as to be almost devoured. The middle wall of partition was broken down,—the stranger and foreigner was entering into the household of God. Helpless and broken-hearted, he could do nothing but weep, and pray to God for help. The veil which had remained "untaken away in the reading of the Old Testament," was now "done away in Christ." Jesus had become his acknowledged Messiah,—his divine Redeemer, commissioned to preach the way of righteousness, and make atonement for our sins. From this time he began to pray daily, and to pray in the name of Christ. And now, when his sad reflections returned upon him like a flood—when the thought arose of being cast out of the synagogue, and of distressing his family, and especially his mother, he had a refuge to repair to. He found effectual relief in pouring out his heart before that "friend," more faithful than a brother, recommended to him by his venerable chaplain. He could give up father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends,* and all, for Christ, and come into a state

* Whatever forebodings he may have had of being discarded by his family friends, they seem to have been unnecessary. His brother

of peace, and hope, and joy in the Lord Jesus, as his Saviour.

Speaking of his condition in prison, at this time, he says, "Though I should like to leave this place, I have already got to love it, and I certainly *shall* love it as long as I live. I have found a peace and happiness here which the world can neither give nor take away, and which make me freer in this cell than I ever was before. Oh, this happiness! I have found here the great treasure of life — have found it so great, so heavenly, in a place regarded only as a place of suffering and gloom. Had any body told me, in the month of May, after my confinement, that I should ever praise God for my trials, as I actually did six months afterwards, I should have thought him crazy, and would not have believed it even if Elias or Isaiah had made such a revelation."

writes "Let each man believe *as* he pleases, and *what* he pleases." His father's letter to him, on the subject of his change, contains neither threats, reproaches, nor reproofs. He merely begs, with all mildness, and accompanied with apologies, that his "beloved son" will no more write to him about the Old and New Testaments, nor any Bible passages — he is very well acquainted with them already, and it will be of no use to refer to them — he will not, in his old age, engage in any dispute about his religion — the better way for both parties is, to let each one *follow his own opinions and convictions*. He begs, once and again, that his son will carefully comply with this request, and not take it amiss of his "aged father." His subsequent letters abundantly showed that his paternal desire for the health and prosperity of his son had suffered no diminution.

CHAPTER IV.

Efforts for his Liberation — Correspondence with his Friends — Religious Enjoyment — Final Release — Is received into the Author's Family — Dr Hawes' Discourse — Unites with the Church — Wins his Pastor's Confidence — Enters East Windsor Academy.

DURING the season of his anxiety, and inquiry after truth, he was much comforted and encouraged by finding that there were persons in Hartford who thought of him, and who were intending, if possible, through the Legislature, to shorten the term of his confinement. They visited him at the prison, corresponded with him, and in various other ways cheered his spirits, and promoted his religious inquiries. Such attention, from these persons, was unexpected, and in the forsaken condition to which his *Jewish* friends had abandoned him, he received this new providence as an indication that his renouncing the Jewish, and accepting the Christian religion, met with the divine approval. From his correspondence with these friends, and particularly with the

lady * who was most earnest in the efforts that were made for his liberation, we may learn something of the state and progress of his mind after his conversion.

In February he writes : —

“Dear Friend, — Do not withdraw your hand from one just entered on the infancy of Christianity, fresh and strong, indeed, in the *belief* of the exalted character of Christ, yet helpless as a little child in the *practice* of his religion. I have now more need than ever of a faithful friend and leader in the narrow way which leads through a wilderness world to eternal life.

“I wonder that you are surprised at my expression of being happy, and convinced of sin, at the same time ; for indeed this is my feeling and experience just now. I am happy in having found, in you, a true friend. I am happy in having obtained from God that feeling of love and gratitude for my blessed Redeemer, whom he sanctified, and sacrificed for my sin. At the same time, while rejoicing, and sometimes lamenting, at the sacrifice he so willingly made for the human race, I feel myself so great a sinner that I often think the tidings too great to be true, especially when I view my former life, how I lived without

* Mrs. James Killam.

God and without hope in the world ; how I mocked God with my prayers, when, after the manner of the Jews, I read twenty-nine pages at once out of the Hebrew prayer-book, without any of that communion with God which I now enjoy. In former times I submitted to my afflictions as a thing I had no power to change ; but now I look at them as a chastisement, or rather mercy of God ; for, curious as it may seem, I now never forget, in my prayers, to thank God for having brought me here, for thus he kills my corruptions, and brings me to himself.”

Under date of March 21st, he writes thus : —
“I enjoy still excellent health, and a submission to the will of God, which makes me contented in my present condition, and lets me look forward with a perfect quiet to whatsoever it shall please God to appoint for me, for he must needs know best what is proper for me. The expression, ‘I am happy,’ has been in reality applicable to me during the last two months, — when it pleased God to enlighten me by his Holy Spirit, and to give me clear views of his God-head, of his creation, of his word, and of myself — when I began to see, as Paul says, that ‘in me, that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing.’ Ever since, I have enjoyed a mental peace, and, at

times, a happiness I can not express, and which I formerly thought impossible, especially within the walls of a prison ; but as I experience it now myself, I can not doubt it more than my existence. At the same time, when I compare what I enjoy with what I deserve, I am humbled to the dust. But the more humble I get, the more I feel the divine presence in my prayers and devotional exercises, and consequently am the more happy."

In April he says to his friend, — "Please to express my thanks to Mrs. P. for her beautiful lines, and German New Testament. The good chaplain gave me one about a year ago. Without it I should hardly have been so far instructed in the way to heaven. I have also been allowed to attend, since November last, the chaplain's Bible class, which has proved to me great advantage and pleasure."

In the month following, when he had reason to expect his deliverance ere long, he opens his heart thus :—

"It is a strange feeling when I think that a fortnight will, perhaps, open for me these heavy iron doors forever, that I shall again breathe untainted air, and walk unfettered among my fellow-men — that I shall again be able to feed my free eyes on the beautiful blue throne of God, and his

green footstool — that I shall again behold all the manifold wonders and beauties of nature, with a renewed sense of their splendor, and of the glory of their Maker; and above all, that I shall be able to pay unto the Lord my vows, to walk, of my own free impulse, to the house of God, and to mingle my voice with the children of heaven, in the free songs of praise to the great Jehovah.

“It is so sweet to fancy myself on the top of some green hills, on a beautiful morning, waiting the first rising of the sun, when he cometh ‘out of his bride-chamber,’ to see there the peaceful lambs feeding in green pastures, and amidst this delightful scenery to hear the cheerful sound of a village church-bell coming over the landscape; so sweet is this, that I at times seem possessed of the reality, and can not make up my mind that my hopes may be vain, and that for long years, and perhaps for ever, I shall see no more of nature than this square yard of green grass, and a square yard of the blue skies, and hear no other bell than that of a prison.”

On the 8th of May he received a visit from his friends, and, two days after, he writes as follows: — “The last two days were the most pleasant I have spent for a long time. Though destitute of society, I enjoyed so much the company of my

own thoughts, that I can assure you of the truth of the proverb, 'A cheerful mind is never without company.' I shall consider it one of the happiest events of my life, when I can do anything to show the gratitude I *feel*, but can not *express*. Fortune spreads so richly her golden arms over me that I am almost afraid of it, for it seems, indeed, too good to be all at once so favored. A German poet says :—

"I never saw a peaceful end
To one on whom, with liberal hand,
The gods their benefits did spend."

A week later, contemplating the possibility of the failure of his friends' efforts to procure his release, he says, "I thank my God, who has enabled me to look on the coming event with a quiet which only God can give. Even in case of a failure of all your great trouble, there will remain so many blessings with which God has surrounded me in this cell, as not to lessen my gratitude and submission toward our bountiful Father. Many thanks to Mr. — for all the pains he is taking for me. May God remember all your kindness to me, a prisoner, an entire stranger. One blest assurance I find for my kind friends in Matthew 25 : 33-40." *

* I was in prison and ye came unto me." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

But his hopes were not to be disappointed. The petition for his liberation was supported by such a list of respectable names, and so much favorable evidence was presented to the Legislature, that they granted the request of the petitioners, and on Monday, June 8th, the chaplain was able to announce to him the cheering intelligence. His farewell to the prison may be given in his own words:—

“At length the long expected Wednesday, June 10th, arrived. About three o’clock I was summoned into the hall. From thence the warden took me into the room where the garments of the prisoners are preserved. I received my dress in which I arrived at the prison, took my books out of my cell, and soon had the joy of seeing my friends in the office. There the chaplain gave me some good advice. The warden gave me two dollars, and I soon took leave of them. A carriage waited at the door. I was soon seated comfortably by the side of my kind friends, and had the pleasure of seeing the prison receding. Yet I could not but look at the walls, that bury so much misery, as long as possible. What I said to my friends I do not know. My mind was so much struck with the enjoyment of all around me that I lost all recollection. My

eyes filled with tears as often as I turned them upon my friends. They took me to their house, telling me they thought it best to bring me there first, that people might see that they had no unkind feeling against me."

This last act of generous, self-denying kindness, to a stranger, fresh from the walls of a prison, was one which few, perhaps, would have been equally ready to perform. It was an act most honorable to those friends, and one which now they can not but reflect upon with grateful pleasure.

After coming to the city, the liberated man was further left free, in regard to his choice where he should worship, and whom he should choose, among the ministers, for his religious adviser. By the counsel of his friends, he called on Rev. Dr. Hawes, of the Center church, and finally made choice of him as his pastor.

"I received him," says Dr. H.,* "kindly, but with caution, as I felt myself bound to do, in the circumstances of the case. But the more I saw of him, the more he won my confidence, till at length I received him to my bosom, with warm affection, as a sincere disciple of Jesus, and a striking example of the power of divine grace.

* In a public discourse occasioned by his death.

Nor did I ever after, in all my intercourse with him, see or hear the least thing to shake my confidence, or lead me, for a moment, to suspect I had misplaced my regard for him. He was one of the most affectionate, confiding persons I ever knew. He opened his whole heart, I believe, to me, and let me into his whole history, and everything which I, or other friends, did for him, was repaid with the warmest gratitude and love.

“From the time he was set at liberty he was exceedingly anxious to obtain some employment by which he might support himself. But no place opening, he was, after a few weeks, received into the family of the Rev. Mr. Bird, where he could pursue study, and receive such counsel as he needed to aid him in his Christian course.

“On the first Sabbath in October, 1857, having been four months out of prison, and having been duly examined and propounded for admission, he was received as a member of the church. As he came forward to receive baptism, my heart,” continues Dr. H., “was deeply moved, as was his, and that of many others present. It was a scene of tender interest; a descendant of Israel, a stranger, and recently a prisoner, but now a freed man of the Lord, and a member of the household of faith, coming forward to acknowledge Jesus as

the promised Messiah of his fathers, and to receive him as his Saviour by an open profession of his name.

“From my first acquaintance with him, I had observed in him a warm heart, and an earnest desire to do good; and I often said that, if the Lord had made him a good man, as I believed he had, he meant to do something more for him, and *with* him. In this view, I watched the course of events, hoping that Providence might open the way for him to pursue a course of study with reference to his being fitted for usefulness, especially among his Jewish brethren, for whom he felt the deepest sympathy.

“In the autumn and winter of 1857, he was employed, during most of his time, in circulating religious books and periodicals. For this object he visited East Windsor, and there, being introduced by a note, accompanied with a letter from myself to Rev. Professor Lawrence, he was kindly received into his family, and soon my desire was gratified, and his more so, by his becoming a member of the academy in that place, and entering at once upon studies designed to prepare him for a more thorough course in theology. His progress was in every respect satisfactory. Quick of apprehension, retentive of

memory, and thoroughly engaged in his work, he secured the confidence and love of his instructors, and of all who knew him, and high hope was entertained that he would, ere long, be fitted to do much good in the world.

“At the close of the summer term of the academy, impelled by his desire to be useful, he visited Broad Brook and Rockville, with the view of holding meetings, and circulating religious tracts and books among the Germans of those manufacturing villages. In both these places, but especially in the latter, where he mostly labored, he drew around him many warm hearts, and was evidently accomplishing a great work, and, judging from his letters, and from conversations with him at the time, I doubt whether there was ever a creature happier in doing good than he.”

CHAPTER V.

Letters to his Pastor — Active Labors — Broad Brook — Distribution of Sunday School Books and Tracts, &c.

THE following series of letters to his pastor, is here inserted to show with what readiness and success, and with what *enjoyment*, Ollendorff entered upon the active duties of a Christian disciple. He that can read these letters, and still believe that an *unconverted Jew* could write them, and could confirm their truth by exhibiting to all around him a corresponding life, may as well believe, contrary to Scripture, that the hypocrite “will delight himself in the Almighty, and always call upon God.” (Job 27 : 10.)

“East Windsor Hill, June 28, 1858.

“Rev. and Dear Pastor:— . . . A somewhat encouraging, and, to me, very cheerful event, which I have to communicate to you, together with a request which I will allow myself to make,

are the chief inducements for my troubling you to-day with these lines.

According to my resolution, I went, last Saturday afternoon, to Broad Brook, provided with fifty large tracts for children. For a small piece of money I procured a little boy to show me all the houses where Germans live. I visited for about three hours or so, but of the number I am unable to give an estimate. I have been assured that I visited all. I conversed with each individually, distributed all my tracts, which were received with delight and greediness, and invited them to attend a German meeting, conducted by myself, on Sunday afternoon. I found eighteen persons possessing no Bible at all, and a great many there were who valued the Bible which they possess so much as to shut it up, that it might not be spoiled by handling!

“They all expressed joy at my promising them to establish a Sabbath School, procure Bibles for them, and hold a small meeting. . . . Having obtained the Rev. Mr. B.’s lecture room, I went to the Sabbath School, made my intention there known, brought also the condition of the Germans before the teachers, and requested them to aid in the good work. At three o’clock I repaired to the lecture room, but found it empty. After I

had been waiting about ten minutes, they came rushing in, and filled all the benches of the room, men, women, and children, of every age and description. I estimated them to number about eighty. I felt greatly embarrassed, and reproached my own self for my arrogance, at seeing such a crowd, because I did not expect more than ten or twelve. But after a short silent prayer, I found myself strengthened, and armed with the power I needed. I prayed, read a hymn, read also the second chapter of James, and after making some remarks on the chapter, especially on verses 19th and 20th,* I read in connection, part of a tract entitled, 'How Religion is to be preached in Daily Life,' and closed with another hymn, and a prayer.

"They were all very attentive, and when I invited those wishing to form a Sabbath School to remain, between thirty and forty young men and women remained. One man opposed, and they asked leave to consider the matter, and requested me to come again in fourteen days. I promised to do so, if God permit.

"Mr. and Mrs. B., who gave me the kindest reception imaginable, think favorably of my coming there for a few Sabbaths, and trying to bring the

* "Devils believe." "Faith without works, is dead."

Sabbath School into proper arrangement. . . . It is a pitiful sight to see a community of foreigners, brought up as Christians, relapsing into thoughtlessness, in the midst of Christian influences; and most gladly would I like to divide my coat and crumb of bread with them, if so I could do them some little spiritual good.* I know that my aid and labor is but very weak, and could be of little use to them, but my trust is in the Lord, who is strong in weakness, and who sometimes uses weak and unworthy means to accomplish something in his vineyard.

“About 25 Bibles, in the German language, and some New Testaments, would be very desirable. Not knowing how else to procure these Bibles,

* In a letter to a converted Jewish friend, under date May 17, 1858, he expresses a similar anxiety for the salvation of his “kinsmen, of the seed of Abraham.” . . . “Sometimes,” he says, “I feel such a fervent desire to labor actually for the benefit of my poor brethren according to the flesh, to the glory of our Lord, and the advancement of his kingdom, that the time of preparation becomes a heavy burden to me. Then I feel as if I must go, amidst difficulties and dangers, to tell, to an unbelieving generation, what the Lord has done for my soul, and what infinite mercy and happiness are prepared for those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . Can we, converted Jews, do nothing in behalf of our brethren? Can we do nothing to arouse the Christians to take a lively interest in the conversion of Israel? Israel’s conversion would become the greatest blessing to all the world, because it is not in the nature of a Jew to hide the heavenly treasure in his bosom, or to put the light under a bushel.”

allow me to make the humble request, whether you would not be so kind to procure them for me from the American Bible Society, and direct them to the care of Rev. Mr. B., of Broad Brook.

"Please, my dear pastor, pardon the liberty I thus take, in troubling you as I do, with so many things. My heart leaps for joy at the mere possibility that I may do this people some good. Yet, should the enterprise prove a failure, I shall at least have the consciousness of having gone to the work with a fervent heart, and done the best I could. . . .

"I have received half a dozen numbers of the 'Israelite Indeed,' published monthly, in New York, by Mr. Epstein, and another Jewish convert. From this I learn the Lord is opening again the windows of mercy to his despised, yet beloved chosen people. Many conversions have taken place among the Jews. They are willing to enter into discussion; and in Holland two Jewish Christian churches have been built, exclusively by Jews. A happy day seems to be dawning for that so long rejected people, and my heart beats quicker when I pray for my relatives at home.

"Nearly a year has now elapsed since first the privilege was granted me to see you, and many, very many and great, have been the blessings

which have been poured upon me by your kindness, while I, on my part, have not only not been able to show myself worthy of this kindness, but have not been able to make you the least returns. I should despair of ever doing so, were it not that I have confidence that he who has permitted you to do thus much for me, will have yet some good for me to do, and that so all my friends may have the assurance that their kindness has been approved on high."

"Broad Brook, July 19th.

"Rev. Sir:—Many thanks to you for your kind letter, and for the confidence which the Committee, on your account, have placed in me. Be assured it will always be my utmost endeavor to make it my second motive of action to show myself worthy of the kindness of my esteemed friends. I say the *second* motive, because I shall continually strive to be actuated, in the *first* place, by love to that God and Saviour who has done much more for me than any earthly friend can do.

"You call a compensation of five dollars *small*. I am at variance in that point with you. I call it *much*; and would have been thankful if only my *board* had been paid. As it is, I shall, thanks

be to God, be enabled to defray some other expenses, or give some away.

“Not knowing how to address a report to the Committee, allow me to give you an account of my proceedings till now, and my plans for the future. I shall be very glad and thankful, if you would be so kind as to correct anything wrong in my proceedings or plan of action for the future, and make me some of your suggestions.

“I arrived here Friday evening, and was invited to attend an English prayer-meeting, the pastor being absent. On Saturday I visited German families, and had, with six persons, some extended religious conversation. . . . Most of them expressed their willingness to receive instructions from the Bible, and to send their children to me during the week. Some were afraid of proselytism. But I told them in public that it is not my intention to make them proselytes to any particular denomination, but merely would like to teach them the Bible, and the religion of Christ, and then let them follow the dictates of their hearts.

“There were, in the Sabbath School, yesterday afternoon, twelve persons who came as pupils, and about eight others who came to listen. I appointed them a meeting every evening in the

week, at seven o'clock, but only six were willing to attend during the week. To those not employed in the factory, I appointed a meeting every afternoon at three. The children I asked to come from four to six, and intend to go visiting from two to three. The forenoon I intend to employ for study and writing, and to see those that are willing to call upon me.

“Oh that God might work, through me, in this place, for the conversion of many sinners! I can not describe to you the joy I feel when permitted to speak of Christ, of God, of the Bible, to my fellow-men. What a wonderful thing! A few months ago, I was a despised, rejected prisoner, ignorant of the way of salvation through Christ, and now I am permitted to proclaim the words of life to others.”

“Broad Brook, July 24th.

“Rev. and dear Pastor:—Many thanks for the books, tracts, and Testaments which I received, through Mr. Hosmer, last Wednesday. The books and tracts are read with great greediness, and I trust and pray that the Holy Spirit may soften their hearts, and thus prepare the soil for the reception of the good seed.

“I have held a meeting for reading and explain-

ing the Scriptures, every evening of the week, with an attendance of fourteen to eighteen. Most of these are attentive and bright, and if, by the guidance of the divine Spirit, I am enabled to follow the right course, I doubt not I shall be able to do some good to a few of them. . . . I have held conversations with about fifteen, in their houses, while visiting in the afternoon. . . . It has not been possible for me to study much this week, because, beside the preparation which I was obliged to make, I had frequent calls, which occupied much of my other leisure time."

"Broad Brook, July 30th.

"Dear Pastor:— Though nothing of any importance has occurred to me during the last week, I deem it a privilege to be permitted to give you an account of what is going on here. Last Sunday I had, to my distress, only six in the school, the others having preferred to go to their excursions and other objects. When I speak to them about this, as well as of any other religious subject, I find them ready to say, 'Oh yes, you are perfectly right, we will do as you say;' but as their practice does not agree with their words, I conclude they say this to get rid of me in the most polite and quickest manner. . . .

“The afternoon school for children, during the week, is still regularly attended by some fifteen children. Not being accustomed to the government of children, I find it rather hard to keep them quiet and attentive. I have succeeded in teaching them the Lord’s Prayer in German, and several stories of the Bible, besides to spell and write a little.

“The evening school is still continued. Four new pupils came last night.

“A rather singular trouble took place in my school room last Saturday night. . . . A man burst out with threats and oaths upon me, accusing me of having destroyed the peace of his house, and telling me he did not wish his wife to read and pray, which only prevented her from doing her duty towards him. I begged his pardon if, in any way, I had interfered with his comfort, and told him, in a calm but firm manner, the object of my coming here. He said, ‘The Germans don’t wish that nonsense talk of religion,’ and that I do not teach and speak like Mr. —, who had preached here sometimes, and who had told them that Christ was only a common man, &c. Several Germans were present, all going against religion; but after two hours’ conversation, we parted as great friends, all promising to

read the Bible, and consider the subject about which we had been conversing. I dwelt, in my conversation, chiefly on the proofs of the existence of God, the truthfulness of the Bible, and the certainty of a retribution.

“I went yesterday to Rockville. By the aid of Mr. Preston, I canvassed two factories, and most of the families; supplied some with Testaments, and gave others directions how to obtain them through Mr. P. I found some very excellent Christians among the Germans in Rockville, but also some persons of very different character.* By the aid of Mr. P. I was enabled to supply three children with shoes, and other necessary clothing, which want had prevented them from going to Sabbath School. They were rejoiced, and felt happy, and I was made real happy with them.

“Before I entered on this kind of labor, I knew only this kind of Christian happiness by

* Mr. P., in commendation of Ollendorff, writes to Dr. H., under date August 12th: “Mr. O. came to our village a stranger, and upon inquiry, hearing that I was much interested in laboring among the Germans, came to me for advice in reference to some extra effort being put forth here. I received him with some suspicion, having been imposed upon once last summer; but, after some conversation, consented to canvass the village with him. In our labors that day, I was very favorably impressed with his Christian patience and forbearance, in *some circumstances of trial which we encountered.*

report, but now I have *experienced* it several times, and I would not like to change my prospect of future activity in that way, for all the pleasures and gratification that my former friends and life could bestow. Oh! it is a blessed thing, dear pastor, and worth living for, to tell a sinner of the goodness and mercy of Christ, even when that sinner treats us ill for it. Would to God I had more knowledge, more of the meek and humble spirit of Christ, and more of that wisdom from above, to fit me for such a work.

“At the urgent request of some of the Germans at Rockville, I have agreed to spend next Sunday with them, to form a German class in the Sabbath School, to which about thirty young persons have promised to come. Mr. P. and the Rev. Mr. C. have been very active laborers in the German vineyard of the Lord, Mr. C. having had some interesting conversions among that class of the population, and quite a number are members of his church.

“I shall feel sadly not to be able to be in my place at your communion next Sabbath, this being the first time that I shall have been absent, on such an occasion, since I took upon me the vows of the Lord. But I think our own enjoyments ought to be made second to those

duties which we owe to religion and our fellow-men ; therefore I hope I shall be able to bear that denial with a submissive Christian spirit."

"Broad Brook, August 10th.

"Rev. and dear Pastor : — Allow me to solicit, by these lines, your kind counsel, and permission, to go for a few weeks to Rockville. Mr. P. has undoubtedly told you some reasons for it. To these reasons I would add that, in consequence of certain difficulties, I could do no more to increase my usefulness in this place. . . . A young man, a Christian, is willing to take charge of my adult class, on my leaving. The vacation of the children will be at an end at the close of this week, and it will be rather hard to gather them daily, after having been all the day in school.

"I have enjoyed my labors here greatly. I only wish I could have done something more substantial. I would be most happy, if better prepared, to follow such employment all the days of my life. In speaking to my countrymen about the things of Christ, and their souls' salvation, I have often felt so happy that I really was afraid it was too much enjoyment for earth, but especially for a sinner like me.

"I held a meeting for prayer and exhortation,

with some eighteen to twenty Germans, in this place, last Sunday morning. I had expected many more to be present, as it was at their special request that the meeting was appointed. After that I went to Rockville, and arranged a German Bible class, and held there a meeting, in the afternoon, similar to the one at Broad Brook. I have promised Mr. P. to come there next Friday, to visit with him, again, the German families. I would be very glad if before then I could receive from you a definite answer with respect to my going there. I have visited daily here, and there is not one German in the place that is not supplied with the Bible, or New Testament, or some good tract. Last week a man came six miles, from Warehouse Point, for a Bible, which gave me much joy. . . .

“Dear pastor, allow me to express to you my heart-felt gratitude for the many benefits I have received from your hands and your lips. May Heaven grant I may not shame your kindness, nor that great name by the which I am called.” . . .

CHAPTER VI.

Labors at Rockville — Joy in his Work — Commencement of Sickness.

“Rockville, August 24th.

“MY very dear Pastor, and father in the Lord : — My heart is rejoicing with an exceeding great joy before the Lord, for his wonderful, infinite goodness to me. The Lord has been with me in whatsoever I commenced in his vineyard in this place. He has assisted me when I have spoken of his name and goodness ; and thanks be to him, I feel a happiness in my breast, which was formerly entirely unknown to me, and which leads me to entertain the hope that my labors will not be entirely in vain. I look forward, with sorrow, to the time when I shall have to leave these Germans, and were I not persuaded that it is for the glory of the kingdom of Christ, and for my own good, to prepare myself for greater usefulness, I dare say, no power on this earth could induce me to leave my post.

“I have neglected, in some measure, my studies, for which I feel very sorry, but the enjoyment of the labors in which I have been engaged was so intoxicating to me, that I hardly had thought for anything else. And as long as God grants unto me the spirit of faith and hope, I shall not, on the whole, repent having done so. . . .

“The more I enjoy Christianity, the more do I feel my heart filled with love towards all men, and at times my stubborn will finds it hard to submit to a three years’ inactive preparation, while I might go and be telling people what Christ has done for my soul.

“My heart is also filled with love and gratitude towards those who, in the hand of God, have been instrumental of my conversion, and to you, dear pastor, who, by your kind teachings, counsels and instruction, have strengthened the weak foundation of piety in my heart. I especially now remember, with delight and gratitude, the Thursday evening lectures, and one, in particular, on John 15: 8,* I can never forget. Since I heard it I have always tried to regulate my religious practices, in some measure, according to that lecture.

“If I am to go to Andover, would you allow

* “That ye bear much fruit.”

me, first, to go for a day to New York? I would like to see my Jewish Christian friends there, and go once to a real German meeting as I never yet have been to one."

"Rockville, Sept. 5th.

"Rev. and dear Pastor:—It was my intention to come to see you before I go, for good, to East Windsor Hill, but remembering a poor boy who had asked me for a pair of shoes the other day, I thought the money for my fare might be spent more profitably in that way, and so I laid out my last money for that purpose.

"I have appointed here, meantime, a meeting every alternate Sabbath, and in Ellington on every first Sabbath in the month. I shall also try to arrange a similar thing in Broad Brook. The Germans manifested a good deal of feeling when I told them that I have now to leave.

"Last Friday I was invited to address the Turner Association, at the dedication of their new hall. They assemble there for gymnastical exercises, and I tried to convince them that the spirit and mind need more exercise than the body. Four young men spoke, even there, to me about religion, and one, who was afraid, like one of old, to come to me during *the day*, conversed with me

till after midnight. I told him all I had to say, but chiefly and finally, that it is neither in my, nor his, nor any man's power to make him a Christian. For this he must look to God, in prayer offered in faith and hope, through Jesus Christ."

"September 7th.

". . . The weekly and Sabbath meetings are attended as regularly as formerly ; but, with the exception of three added to the Sabbath School, there has been no increase to our meetings.

"A Catholic woman, in whose family I had visited, and left appropriate tracts, gave me a small sum to put into a Protestant mission box, and requested me to give them a Bible, which I gladly did. Last week, while at the evening meeting, a young German skeptic handed me an article against Christianity, requesting me to read it, and give him my opinion ; but he has not shown himself again, though I sent him word that I am ready to debate with him the question, in the presence of the other Germans. . . .

"I am still visiting every day, sometimes in company with some of the brethren here.

"I have had an invitation to go to Ellington, four miles from here, to see the Germans,

and shall, God permitting, go there to-morrow, or Thursday, to arrange matters for a meeting, next Sunday evening. On Saturday I am to be at Broad Brook, to stay over the Sabbath, and on my return to stop at Ellington. I had a letter from Broad Brook, and was informed that the German class is flourishing. . . .

“. . . I felt very bad when I thought that you, dear pastor, should have so much trouble about me. Much I feel the need, nay, the desire is almost knit to my very existence, to go to the Seminary to gain that fitness which is necessary in active labor. But I have asked myself continually, since my return from Hartford, whether, under the circumstances, it would be right in me to accept the sacrifices of my Christian brethren and fathers, to enable me to pursue my studies. I have prayed much about it, but my mind is not yet enlightened. Allow me to submit the question to your decision. I shall do as the Lord shall direct me, through your mouth; and may the Lord guide your judgment.”

“East Windsor Hill, Oct. 11th.

“Rev. and dear Pastor:—Many thanks for your kind assistance; may the Lord bless you for it an hundred fold, and may he grant that the

seeds of kindness, love and goodness, which you cast into my heart, may spring up into a visible tree, and bear fruit manifold to the glory of my Master and Lord.

“Before I left Rockville I went to take leave of almost all the German families, and introduced to some of them the Rev. Mr. C., who kindly offered to visit frequently some of the most interesting persons. I have appointed a meeting to be held every fortnight, and shall go there, the Lord permitting, next Sabbath.

‘Last Saturday, towards evening, I walked over to Broad Brook. Being rather tired, I could not see, that evening, many families. Only six adults attended the appointed meeting, which I did not conduct in the usual way, but had, instead, only religious conversation. I am not willing to give up so, but have appointed them another meeting in fourteen days.

“I arrived here on Thursday morning, and took rooms with another junior student. For want of previous study, I could not be allowed the pecuniary bounty bestowed upon some others, although Professor L. would have liked to have me enjoy it. But, dear pastor, I still feel that the eternal God yet lives and reigns, and I am enabled, thanks to him, to look hopefully and cheerfully

into the future. I have entered into the arena of the Christian race, and either conquering or falling, I will be found struggling for the favor of him who redeemed me with his own heart-blood. I am resolved to go forward, and should I fall three times, to rise the fourth, again to renew the fight of faith.

“Professor L. kindly offers to board me for one dollar and a half per week, including washing, for which I, on the other hand, feel glad to do some things around the house. This I consider a favor from the hand of the Lord, and for which I give him thanks, and praise, and honor. How true are the words of our Saviour, Matthew vi.: 25-30, ‘Behold the fowls of the air,’ &c. I have tried, and shall always try, to practice according to the motto you gave me, ‘*Have courage, have hope, faith, and love;*’ and while I do this I know that all will be well.

“Till now I have got on very well in my studies, and trust I shall be able to run along with the others, while we remain together. My time will be occupied continually, and therefore I shall not be able to come to Hartford during the term, as I would like to do.”

It was in the midst of these bright prospects, and joyful anticipations of usefulness, that he was arrested by the disease which finally terminated his life. No wonder that when he found himself obliged to lay aside his beloved studies, and give up his meetings, he felt the disappointment most keenly, and occasionally, for a short season, gave expression to his impatience. His new trials and weaknesses, developed by his sickness, are feelingly set forth by him in the following letter, the last of the series addressed to his pastor : —

“January 8th, 1859.

“My very dear Pastor :—Thanks be to the Lord, who has given me this day strength sufficient to sit down and write to you. Your kind letter, for which I looked with great longing almost daily, has greatly rejoiced and affected me, and, I trust, done me good. My sickness has already proved a great blessing to my soul, and, I trust, will continue to be so through life and eternity. I have seen, more clearly, my wicked heart, the mass of depravity that was seated there, (and in some degree shows itself still.) I have seen more of my ungratefulness towards God for his innumerable blessings, than ever before in all my Christian course. All these feelings made me

more humble, more prayerful, more penitent, desirous after more holiness, and a closer walk with my God and Saviour.

“Since then I have been very near to that valley we must all pass, and yet, thanks be to Jesus, I was prepared and ready to enter it, as upon a night’s rest, with calmness and peace. But my days are not all alike. My mind sympathizes, alas, too much with my body and outward impressions, and consequently there are days when I feel myself little prepared to meet my God.

“My Christian life, to the time of my sickness, appears to me quite different from what it did. In meditating upon it, I have appeared to myself like a young soldier who, from love to his captain, and for the benefits received and *to be* received from him, enters the army. The drilling is pleasant. Love to his captain makes the young soldier obedient in every thing. Peace continues — the soldier receives favor after favor from his captain — he rejoices in him — loves, admires, and strives to honor him in every possible way; yea, he is certain that, whether in war, in trouble, or wherever his captain shall be willing to lead him, he will surely love to follow. But by and by, war ensues. The captain is before him, but the

arrows of the enemy fly on the right hand and left—he trembles, faints, and almost loses sight of his leader, and nearly forgets all his former benefits, and acts of love and mercy.

“Yes, dear pastor, thus has Satan assailed me, in this my sickness. That old serpent tempted me first with my many *former* sins, then with my sins committed after my conversion, my presumption in choosing the ministry, and the like. But, thanks be to God, my captain turned his face again towards me, and thus I was enabled to withstand those fiery darts. Not that I think to have overcome them for ever, or count myself to have already attained, but I trust, whatever may befall me, I shall, through my Lord and Saviour, be enabled to fight the good fight till I shall have got my crown.

“My bodily health is very variable, and often do I doubt whether I shall ever recover. Since last week I have been able to sit up every day a short time, which time I tried to prolong daily. . . . My friends here are as kind as ever, yet they have much to do, and I might soon be a great burden to them. The other professors, and the students, are also very kind, as well as some of the good neighbors, who send me in refreshments and other articles. These things, though small, please

me very much, showing that they remember me though I have hardly known them. . . . I have been now at the house of Professor L. ever since the 18th of November. . . . They have treated me with great kindness and indulgence, as you know people that are sick, and weak, and confined, sometimes drop a word which otherwise they would not.

“The Lord is very gracious and merciful to me on all sides. When I look back upon my miserable life, from my boyhood to the present day, I can not but say that the Lord has literally covered my ingratitude with his blessings. When will it be otherwise? Oh for a more loving, more thankful heart towards my God and Saviour! How mysterious! As a stranger in this country, it might have been so that I should have been glad and thankful to have a bag of straw, in some warm corner, to lay my sick and weary head upon. But instead of this, I am surrounded with many comforts, and above all, with kind friends to administer them. In his wonderful providence, too, the Lord has sent me a room-mate, who has been as my right hand in this affliction. I thank you anew, dear pastor, for all your kindnesses. The Lord bless you for them, and remember

them at the last day. I long to see you again, and have a religious conversation, and the privilege of hearing you pray.

“Yours humbly,

“H. S. O.”

CHAPTER VII.

Dr. Hawes' Discourse continued — Ollendorff's further Decline —
Removal to Hartford — Sudden Death.

“AT the opening of the autumnal term in the Theological Institute,” continues Dr. H., in his funeral discourse, “he was received as a member, so far as to join the classes in their studies, keeping up, at the same time, his labors, especially on the Sabbath, at Rockville; and he was advancing happily in his course when, about the first of September, he was seized with a violent cold, which, too much neglected, continued to increase in severity, till about the middle of November. He then became confined to his room, and to his extreme regret, he was cut off from all study, and from all active labor in the service of his Saviour.”

“The sequel is soon told. Disease fastened on his lungs, and it soon became apparent that he

was marked for death. He gradually traveled towards the fatal terminus till the 27th of March, when he died suddenly, in the family of the Rev. Mr. Bird, with whom he had previously resided, and who had again opened his doors to take him in, and minister to his comfort in the last days of his earthly abode."

"Without any thing like ecstasy or exulting hope during his sickness, he manifested, especially towards its close, a calm, submissive, confiding spirit, and expressed to me, in my last interview with him, but a few days before his death, a cheerful readiness to meet the issue, and a sustaining, comforting faith and hope in Christ as his Saviour and his all."

On the morning of his last day, he rose, dressed himself, came down from his chamber, and took his breakfast with the family, as he had frequently done before during the two preceding weeks. At dinner he came again, and took his seat at the table. He had not commenced eating, however, when he deliberately rose, and retired to the washing room, apparently to go through with one of his coughing fits. The sound indicated that his cough was difficult. Soon we heard a loud cry of distress. He was immediately surrounded by the family, who found him support-

ing himself by the sink, over which he was leaning, and a torrent of blood was issuing from his mouth. Every ray of hope for him vanished in a moment. That he might not fall, we laid him carefully down upon the floor. He spoke deliberately a few detached words, — “*water — water — cold, cold, — I die — O God.*” His utterance was choked, and soon he ceased attempting to speak or to make any effort whatever, and gradually sunk away in death, as in a swoon, or a gentle sleep, without a sigh or the contraction of a muscle. In less time than it has taken to write this account, the whole was over. It was a *leap* across the fearful stream, and not a wading, struggling, fainting passage; and this sudden manner of his departure may, perhaps, be considered a merciful dispensation of Providence, forestalling the weakness and protracted pains of a wasting consumption.

It may be added, that the funeral services were conducted by his pastor, on which occasion, notwithstanding the rain that was falling, a number of the faculty and students from East Windsor, were present, and added their testimony to the excellent character of the deceased.

Dr. Hawes proceeded: — “ ‘Judge nothing before the time,’ is the wise and needful

counsel of the Apostle. The great day will, no doubt, sweep away many, many hopes as false, which appeared, in this world, well founded. But, without attempting to penetrate the future, or reveal the decisions of the final judgment, I may be permitted to say, that I have known very few persons, indeed none, in the whole course of my ministry, who afforded, in so short a time, more striking evidence of the renewing power of divine grace, or more touching exhibitions of the humble, grateful, happy spirit of the gospel. He was of a tender, genial nature, benevolent, and self-sacrificing in an eminent degree, warmly thankful for kindnesses shown him, and earnestly desirous to be useful, especially to his Jewish brethren. 'Oh,' said he, on one occasion, 'if I could but be the means of bringing one of the lost sheep of the house of Israel back to the good Shepherd, how happy I should be!' His mind was one of unusual activity, quick of apprehension, apt to learn, keenly alive to the beautiful in nature and in art, and able to express his thoughts with great ease, and often in a style revealing fine poetic taste and genius. Some of his descriptions of what he suffered, and what he enjoyed, especially of the feelings that swelled his bosom when he left the prison, and was able

once more to look abroad upon nature, then in the full bloom of opening summer, going with kind friends from his cell to a welcome home, few persons can read without deep emotion, so much do they breathe of lively sensibility, of tenderness, and grateful praise.

“But he has gone to realize, I trust, the sentiment he expressed to a friend, but a short time before his death. ‘I did hope,’ he said, ‘to have been useful in this world; but,’ he added, with a beaming countenance, and a smile which, this friend says, ‘I shall never forget,’ ‘we do not know what the Lord may have for us to do in the other world; I love to think our employments will be such as we loved on earth.’

“So I believe it is, dear departed friend, and in this persuasion I love to think of thee as received into the presence of thy Saviour, and in a higher and nobler sense than ever on earth, occupied in praising his name, in doing his will, and ministering in thine appointed sphere, to the glory and blessedness of his kingdom.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Practical Lesson — Benevolent and Impartial Character of the Gospel — Kind Words to the Jewish Reader.

IN the life and experience of this young man, one thing is calculated to strike the reader with peculiar force, and that is, *the heavenly spirit and power of the Gospel*. It confines its messages of love, and its renovating influence to no class of persons. It comes with equal freeness to all, to the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the bond and the free; to Jew and Gentile, to Pagan and Mohammedan; and from all of every name, condition, tribe, and nation, gathers the trophies of its mercy, and its heirs of salvation. Its mission is to every creature on earth. It searches out the hungry and feeds them, the naked and clothes them. It goes to the hovels of the poor and ministers counsel and comfort; to the bedside of the sick and shows there its sympathy and kindness. It enters the cell of the poor prisoner

and speaks peace and pardon, and gives joy and hope through a Saviour's love. This is the gospel — this the “grace and truth” it brings to lost men; in its spirit, in its design, in its processes and triumphs, totally unlike every other system of religion on earth; so unlike as to stand demonstrated before us to be from heaven, sent into this world of sin and sorrow, to “create all things new,” to call back the wandering, the miserable, and the lost, to virtue, to happiness, and to God.

Has that gospel, dear reader, entered your heart, and there lodged itself as a renewing, sanctifying power? — bringing you to Christ, inspiring you with his spirit, and engaging you in his service? You have been contemplating a stranger, a foreigner, quite unknown to you perhaps, a Jew, a poor culprit, who spent seventeen months in the criminal's cell. There, shut out from the means of grace through inability, for a long time, to speak or to understand our language, with only the New Testament to consult, or to guide his inquiries, the blessed gospel entered his bosom, made him a new creature, as his life sufficiently showed, and prepared him for the peaceful and happy death by which he passed from this to a better world. Your circumstances, it may be

taken for granted, are different from his. You have probably been born and brought up surrounded by Christian influences, with the claims of duty and the offers of salvation pressed upon your attention more or less strongly, all your days. What excuse can you have if yet the gospel has not entered your bosom, as a living power, to bring you to Christ, and form you for his service? Perhaps you think you do not need this change — that though necessary for a man brought up in a synagogue, it is not so for you. But dream not that there is anything in your case so peculiar as to exempt you from the necessity of being *born again* — of becoming a *new creature* in Christ, through the renovating power of his gospel. This is a necessity which pertains to every human being, — to the young and the old, to the moral and the immoral, to the bond and the free, to the man who walks at liberty and dwells in a palace, no less than to the man who is deprived of his liberty, confined in the prisoner's cell, and fed on the humblest fare. For thus it is declared, by the great Teacher himself, "*Except a man be born again — born of the Spirit — he can not enter the kingdom of God.*"

Should these lines meet the eye of any son of Israel, according to the flesh, let him be entreated

to contemplate attentively the change that has just been described, in the mind of his Israelite brother, — to consider how strong, at first, were his prejudices, and how they were overcome by the stronger evidence of the truth of Christianity, — to consider how quietly his mind rested in his final conclusions, and how happy they made him, even in his prison, and afterwards in the prospect of approaching death.

If Jesus Christ is the true promised Messiah, it must be perilous to reject him; for when God had said to Moses, (Deut. 18: 18,) “I will raise them up a prophet from among the brethren, like unto thee,” he added, “whosoever will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him.” And who among all the prophets was so much like unto Moses, as was Jesus Christ? He was a *prophet* like Moses, in being an unambitious, wise, and benevolent teacher. He was a prophet like Moses in foretelling future events. He foretold his own death and resurrection; he foretold the destruction of Jerusalem; and he predicted, (how dared he do it?) that his gospel should be published *among all nations*. Jerusalem was destroyed, and there is scarcely a nation on earth where the gospel has not been, and is not now

published. In one more respect Jesus Christ was like Moses, viz.: in being the acknowledged head and leader of a peculiar people, whose God is the Lord. By this people is not here meant the entire population of Christian nations, but only those among them who profess to be religious, who worship God devoutly, and take for their rule of life, the words of Jesus and his Apostles. Surely it may be repeated, no other prophet ever came that resembled Moses so much as did Jesus Christ.

He answered also the description given by Daniel. He came at the precise time fixed by that prophet for the Messiah's advent.

He answered the description given by Isaiah. The Christian Scriptures speak of him as divine, and ascribe to him the attributes and works of God; and Isaiah, in like manner, says "He shall be called the mighty God, the everlasting Father." The Christian Scriptures declare him to be "our passover" — "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." So Isaiah says, (ch. 53,) "He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows — he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter — he was cut off out of the land of the living — for the transgression of my people was he stricken."

Many other circumstances might be referred to, showing that Jesus Christ was the Messiah of the holy prophets. And are not his claims worthy of candid and careful examination, as well by the Jew as by the Gentile? Are not his teachings entirely consistent with the high office of the Messiahship? Do they not, in an eminent degree, breathe forth benevolence to men, and unbounded love to God? And is it not notorious that men are universally made better, and that sometimes they are reclaimed from the lowest depths of vice, by a pious reception of Jesus as the Messiah? And the nations that have received him as such, has not God, before the eyes of all the world, distinguished them, by giving them power, and riches, and influence far above all others?

Such evidences as these, it is not too much to say, are proofs sufficient to every unprejudiced mind, that Jesus Christ was no impostor, but was all that he claimed to be, namely, the true Messiah. And if Jesus was and is the Messiah, then to reject him must be not only dangerous, but ruinous to the soul.

There is no other way to be saved, but by him. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

May God hasten the happy time when the veil

shall be removed from all hearts, when both the seed of Abraham according to the flesh, and they who are such by faith, shall see alike, — shall recognize their brotherhood, and unite their exertions to promote the glory of their common Messiah, and the enlargement of his kingdom. Then shall we witness that “life from the dead” predicted by the Christian Apostle. Then also, as says Isaiah, “there shall be a root of Jesse which shall stand for an ensign of the people, to it shall the gentiles (the *goyim*) seek, and the Lord shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah, from the four corners of the earth.” Then shall Messiah reign. “The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them; they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.”

12 July 1860.

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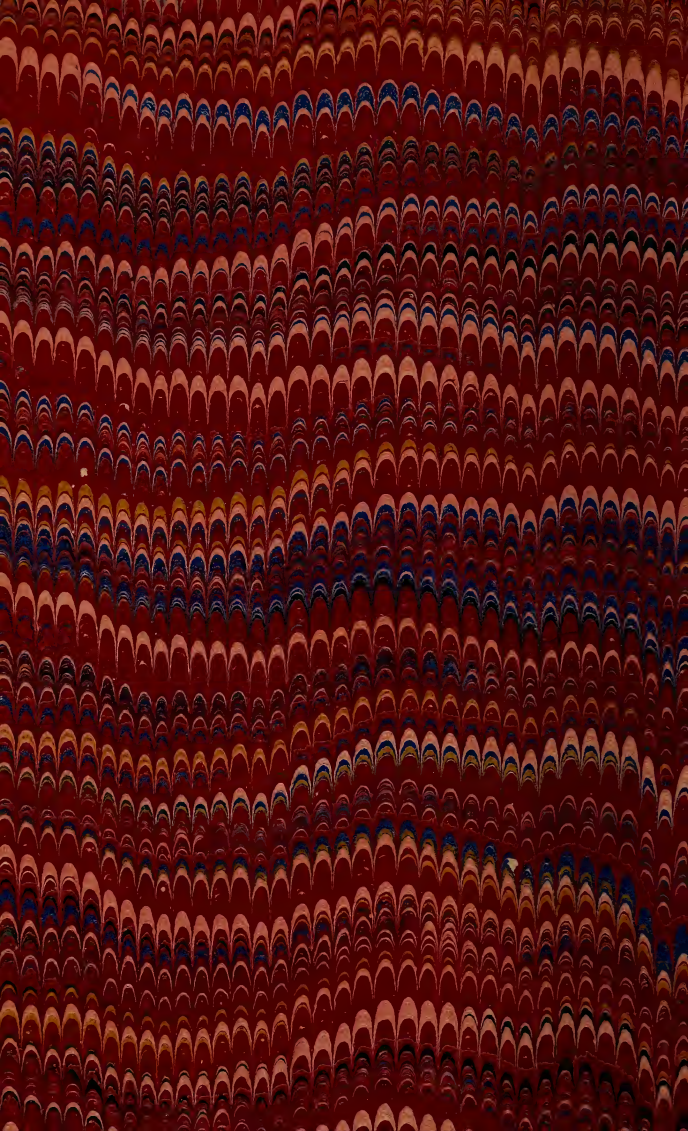
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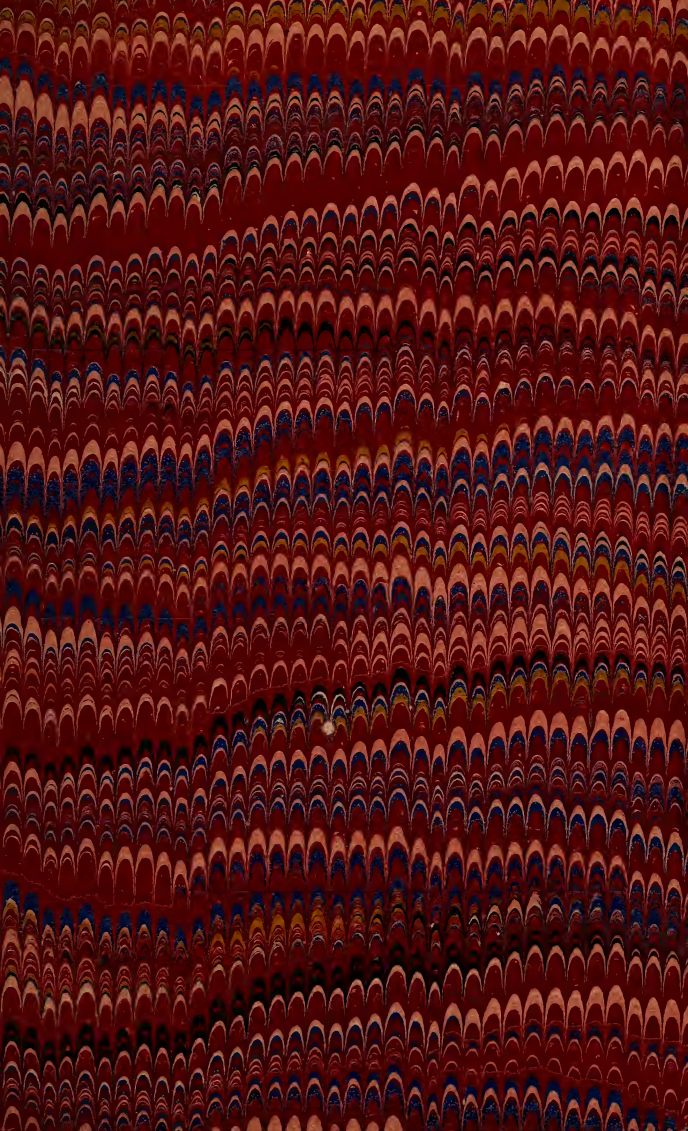
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